

Stain me

by Giu7ia

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Summary: Oilwa fic with side MatsuHana! While the third-years quartet eat lunch, Matsukawa and Hanamaki confess something to their friends. Things start to change between Oikawa and Iwaizumi as well, and friendship seems to no longer be an available option.

Stain me

Note:Oneshot! Oilwa fic with side, MatsuHana!*_
>*_

It's my first time writing something _smutty_, so I know it sucks, but please bear with it and forgive me... ^^;
>Please enjoy~<p>

Warning:BoyXBoy

Disclaimer:For the characters' joy, I don't own them or this manga/anime. The original story belongs to Haruichi Furudate.

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><p>Stain me_

"We started going out~!"

Hanamaki and Matsukawa sang in unison, as their shoulders were pressed together and their hands entwined.

â€|

The wind blew and ruffled the hair of the four boys who were sitting on the rooftop to eat their lunch.

Oikawa started to choke on his bread, coughing heavily.

Iwaizumi let his mouth hang wide open, making some of the rice he was chewing fall out.

"Here, idiot." mumbled Iwaizumi as he passed Oikawa his bottle of water after recomposing himself.

"Mmmhhhn!" the latter gratefully took it and started to gulp it down while lightly punching his chest.

"Puhaaa! I thought I was going to die!" shouted the captain as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"How very rude of you! We wanted to share _our_ happiness with you and that's the response we get?" said Hanamaki, faking a pout.

"Don't think he don't get hurtâ€¦|" were Matsukawa's words as he turned around and pretended to wipe away an invisible tear.

"Wha-! No wait, what!? You two are going out? Seriously? Mattsun and Makki are going out!?" started to scream Oikawa as he pointed to his friends. His voice more high-pitched than normal, signaling he was really _panicking_.

"Shhh idiot!" Hanamaki shoved Oikawa's half-eaten bread in his mouth, "we wanted to tell you, but it's not like we want the whole school to know."

Oikawa nodded as he silently chewed on his bread.

"Iwaizumi?" Matsukawa called out to their ace, enquiring about such quietness.

"No wellâ€¦|" Iwaizumi scratched his nape, averting his eyes a bit. "I kind of felt that something was going on between you two. I mean, it didn't look like simple _friendship_. But knowing it doesn't lessen the shock."

Then he stared at the couple in front of him. His green eyes unwavering.

"But firstâ€¦|congratulations?"

The other three stared speechlessly at him.

Then the taller duo started to laugh. Hanamaki was slamming his fist on the floor while holding his stomach, while Matsukawa covered his mouth as he quietly chuckled.

"Thanks Iwaizumi, that means a lot to us." Matsukawa ruffled his friend's hair as he smiled proudly.

"No way! I'm still in shock here! When? How? _Why_!?" Oikawa was getting more and more desperate.

"Wellâ€¦|" started off Hanamaki, "I don't really know when. I mean, we somehow realized that what we felt for each other was not what you're supposed to feel for your best friend. So we just decided to get together yesterday."

"Yay~" were their monotone cheers as they clapped their hands together.

"Oikawa—are you perhaps uncomfortable with our _relationship_?" Hanamaki's voice was slow and soft, not angry nor accusing, on the contrary, it sounded almost _sad_.

"N-no, it's not like that! It's just—you caught me off guard. Hahaha." replied Oikawa while forcing a small smile to reassure his friends.

«Ah» and he knew his choice was the right one when Hanamaki sighed, relaxing his shoulders «Makki looks _relieved_»

"And, you're telling us because from now on you want time for yourselves?" asked nonchalantly Iwaizumi as he chewed on his lunch.

"No no, we wanted to tell you so that when we're together you won't freak out if you see us lovey-dovey." Matsukawa's deep and flat voice didn't match his cute words.

Iwaizumi simply nodded in reply.

* * *

><p>The rest of their lunch break went on as normal, with the four of them chatting while eating. Even practice went smoothly like usual, nothing happened at all.<p>

Which bothered Oikawa to no end. «Wait, if Mattsun and Makki are together...shouldn't they act a bit more like it!?»

After practice ended, Oikawa and Iwaizumi walked back together on their way home.

"What's wrong Oikawa? Since earlier you've been a bit off." asked Iwaizumi as they walked side by side.

«It's true that I wasn't fully concentrated today—but if Iwa-chan didn't scold me until now it means that my performance wasn't that bad»

"No well..."

"It is about Hanamaki and Matsukawa?"

"Mnh." Oikawa simply nodded in reply.

"What, you feel disgusted about them?"

At that question, Oikawa immediately shook his head "No, it's not that. But, aren't they pranking us? I mean, they didn't seem like a couple at all."

"Hey, what are they supposed to do then, they're both guys so it's not as easy."

"But-! In the first place, two guys-"

"_Oikawa!_"

Iwaizumi loud voice cut Oikawa's sentence off before he could finish.

The smaller of the two turned around, his eyes stern and cold
"Oikawa, don't go _there_. I'll get angry."

And after saying that, Iwaizumi turned around and started walking away. Oikawa followed silently after him.

"â€|Sorryâ€|" his words barely a whisper, but they were loud enough for the other to hear.

"It's fine. But I'm not the one you should apologize to."

Oikawa nodded obediently, knowing that tomorrow he had to apologize to his two teammates.

* * *

><p>"Mattsun, Makki, sorry!"<p>

Oikawa lowered his head a bit as he clapped his hands in front of his face.

"Hm? What are you apologizing for?"

Oikawa glanced at Iwaizumi who was peacefully eating his lunch.

"Iâ€|yesterday, on the way home from practice, I was talking with Iwa-chan and I said some mean things about you two."

"Ah, so after all you do think that we _are_ disgusting." were Matsukawa's cold words.

"No! It's not like that. It's justâ€|it's hard to believe you know? Two guys getting together, and two friends to boot." Oikawa's voice was getting smaller and smaller.

"But! It's not that I think you're gross, and I'm not going to avoid you or anything! Butâ€|give me some time to get used to the idea."

Hearing their captain's honest words, the couple couldn't help but smile at him.

"It's fine, idiot. When we decided to tell you, we were prepared for the worst, so don't sweat it."

"That's right. You accepting us is already enough."

"Mattsun! Makki!" Oikawa almost threw himself at his two friends.

By the time they almost finished eating, Oikawa decided to pry again into their relationship, curious to know more.

"But really, it doesn't feel like you two are going out. There's

nothing different than normal."

"What, you want to see us in action?" asked jokingly Matsukawa.

But apparently Hanamaki thought otherwise. "Hey Mattsun, what about it?"

The dark-haired boy sweat-dropped at that familiar sly smirk. "Are you _serious_?"

Hanamaki put down the drink he was sipping, and crawled on Matsukawa's lap.

He was knelling with wrapped his arms around Matsukawa's neck while the other placed his large hands on his hips.

"No way-!"

Both Oikawa and Iwaizumi's eyes widened when they realized _what _was going to happen next.

Hanamaki slowly lowered his head towards Matsukawa's turned-up face.

They kissed. A chaste and close-lipped kiss, one while both of them were still smiling. Then both opened their mouth, their tongues sticked out as they licked once. Matsukawa's lips quickly captured Hanamaki's tongue, bringing their mouth together.

Oikawa and Iwaizumi could only stare as their friends were eating each other's faces.

Hanamaki melted into Matsukawa's lap as they kissed passionately, their tongues could be seen entwined now and then. Wet sounds filling the otherwise quiet rooftop.

"Gyaaaaa! Stop stop _stop_!" begged Oikawa as he covered his beet red face with his hands.

After moaning into Matsukawa's mouth, Hanamaki lifted his head, ending their long and hot kiss. His lips now a red wet mess.

"What, you were the one who asked~" teased Hanamaki while licking his lower lip.

"Don't go over-board." scolded Iwaizumi while turning his face away, in other to hide the light blush on his cheeks.

"Sorry sorry." apologized while smiling Matsukawa.

* * *

><p>Since then, Oikawa started to notice things he never thought of before.<p>

Things that concernedâ€|Iwaizumi Hajime.

When Oikawa knew and then accepted that Hanamaki and Matsukawa were going out, something inside him realized that being homosexual was something really possible, and that it was incredibly near him.

The couple was never showy about their display of affection, but that one intense kiss that time, _triggered_ something inside Oikawa.

He somehow became aware of the charm of his own gender.

Â«But why only Iwa-chanâ€|Â»

He spent most of his life with Iwaizumi and only now, things that were nothing special started to cause a turmoil within him.

It all started when during practice, they were taking a break after a match. Iwaizumi was dripping with sweat, his breathing uneven and his cheeks red. Nothing out of the ordinary, but that _sight_ made Oikawa shiver. In confusion, fear andâ€|lust?

He couldn't keep his eyes away from his childhood friend. His eyes followed that smaller but well-built figure, searching for exposed skin, especially during practice.

Iwaizumi's exposed and toned stomach, his muscled back and his tight thighs.

Even small things like his belly-button, his neck, his small ears and his red red tongueâ€|

Â«When did Iwa-chan become_ so_ attractiveâ€|?Â»

And after observing his best friends again and again, Oikawa knew his own _weakness_â€|it was Iwaizumi's nape.

At first he thought that the more hidden the skin was the more it would attract him, but then he noticed that what caught his eyes most was the nape, something that had always been there, something he saw and knew all too well and that had always been exposed for him to see.

At first he only looked at Iwaizumi, nothing else, just enjoying the sight.

But things escalatedâ€|

Oikawa started to get conscious of all the people around them, around _his_ Iwa-chan.

Girls or boys, it didn't matter, he couldn't keep his cool when someone interacted with his best friend for more than the strict necessary.

There weren't many girls around the team's ace so he didn't have to worry about them, but Iwaizumi was always surrounded by boys, especially his teammates.

Whatever until now was normal for him, became _unbearable_. Every little things that concerned Iwaizumi put him on edge.

And what was worse, he feared Hanamaki and Matsukawa most.

Those two were together, he _knew_. But that didn't stop him from thinking that maybe they had hidden intentions towards Iwaizumi, that

maybe they held feelings for him.

But even if his head was in turmoil, Oikawa managed to keep his cool on the outside. He took deep breaths and smiled like always.

“After all it's only temporary.”

He knew he was behaving strangely, and he reasoned that it was only a momentary curiosity.

And then _that_ happened—

That day, during practice, the four of them were on break. Matsukawa was wiping his sweat with his a towel while talking with Iwaizumi, who was drinking some water from his bottle. Oikawa who just finished talking to their coach, stood a few steps away from them. Hanamaki approached them, but as he walked he slipped on the wet floor, resulting in him falling onto Iwaizumi.

"Waaa!"

"Wha—"

"Careful—!"

Oikawa rushed to their side, worried about his friends, and what he found was—

Matsukawa was on the floor, his legs open and Iwaizumi's back was pressed against his chest, his long arm was wrapped around his friend's stomach. Hanamaki was between Iwaizumi's legs, and his hands on the floors, by the ace's sides, making it look like Iwaizumi was sitting on his lap.

And in the middle of it all was Iwaizumi Hajime, at the best of his inappropriate attire. With his legs wide open, his shirt rolled up revealing his stomach, his shorts now showing his inner thighs, and last but not least, his reddened face.

At that sight, something inside Oikawa _snapped_.

That night he relieved himself while thinking not about a pretty girl of some magazine, but his best friend.

But what was worse, he did it more than once. Again and again, he couldn't _stop_.

And from then on, every time he touched himself, Iwaizumi's image would pop up before his eyes.

By now he thought of every and any kind of possible pattern: blushing Iwaizumi, submissive or aggressive, cute or cool, naked or clothed, and so on.

Even Oikawa himself was surprised by his wild imagination, one that he didn't even know having until now.

Oikawa knew that it was strange and wrong, but he didn't know what to do.

He tried his best to keep his cool, to behave like normal and not to let anyone notice.

But confusion and _guilt_ weighted him down to the point that he had to seek help from the very two who started all this, Hanamaki and Matsukawa.

* * *

><p>That day Iwaizumi had class-duty so he couldn't join the third-years quartet for lunch.<p>

Oikawa thought of this as his chance to confront the two, "Mattsun, Makki."

"Hm?" "What?"

"I need ask you two for advice." his voice deep and tired, as he finally relaxed his shoulders after all this time of forcing himself to be his old _normal_ self.

Both Hanamaki and Matsukawa put down their food and paid careful attention to their friend, after all it was rare to see Oikawa so serious and so troubled.

"Iâ€|since you two told us that you're going out, I somehow saw Iwa-chan differently. I mean, I started to pay attention to things that I always ignored until now. Things that_ shouldn't _even be noticed. Iâ€|I don't know what to doâ€|"

Oikawa's voice sounded so ashamed, pained andâ€|broken.

The couple exchanged a troubled look. At first they wanted to tease their friend a bit, but after seeing him like that, they didn't have the heart to.

Matsukawa scratched the back of his head, "Soâ€|you're saying that you're attracted to Iwaizumi?"

"As inâ€|sexually?" added Hanamaki, as a small drop of sweat run down his cheek.

Oikawa silently lowered his head, nodding. His bags covered his eyes, hiding his handsome face he was so proud of.

Matsukawa sighed, his voice deep as he spoke "You becoming aware of guys means that seeing us together somehow got you curious. You're behaving like that because you're a horny, curious high-school boy. That's all."

Oikawa gripped the fabric of his trousers, "I seeâ€|but why only_Iwa-chan_?"

As soon as those words felt Oikawa's lips, Hanamaki and Matsukawa froze.

They stared at each other in pure shock, communicating telepathically.

“Only Iwaizumi!”

“How should I know? That's what he said!”

"So it's only Iwaizumi?" asked Hanamaki slowly, speaking carefully as if he was walking on thin ice.

"Yeah, just Iwa-chan."

"Then Oikawa, my friend" started the pinkish-brown boy, his voice uncharacteristically cheerful.

Oikawa lifted his head to look at his friend...to find a smiling, or rather, smirking Hanamaki.

"Congratulations! You are in love!"

"Eh? Lo-"

His handsome, naturally beautiful with refined lineaments, so very much adored face exploded into an aggressive beet red blush.

He quickly covered in mouth with his right hands. And as his cheeks burned up, Oikawa Tooru realized his feelings for his best friend.

“I”

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Omake

Oikawa rubbed his eyes while moaning a bit, as his body was waking up. He slowly opened his eyes, recognizing the familiar ceiling of his bedroom.

As soon as his eyes fully open, the curtains were pulled apart, brightening the whole room and almost blinding the boy.

He moaned in protest as his eyes closed in reflex.

"Come on, it's time to get up."

“This voice” it was familiar voice, one that he could recognize among millions, it was

Oikawa slowly opened his eyes. At first everything was so bright that he couldn't see anything, but then he could tell apart a certain silhouette, a shadowed face surrounded by light.

"Iwa-chan?"

"Who else, idiot. Come on, get up."

"Mmhn." Oikawa slowly got up, now in a sitting position.

He yawned and rubbed his eyes unceremoniously.

"But Iwa-chan, it's still early right? We still have plenty of time left. Besides, how come you came up today? You usually wait outside

or downstairs-" noticing that his friend didn't interrupt him even once, Oikawa stopped talking wondering why the other was being so quiet.

"Iwa-chan?"

He turned to face Iwaizumi, who was sitting on the bed, on Oikawa's right side.

He saw that his friend was not paying him attention as he was focused on _something_ else. He followed the other's gaze, that leaded to his own crotch.

Oikawa himself stared for a few seconds, not getting why would Iwaizumi look at his neither regions. Only then he noticed his own _hardened_ junior.

"Gyaaa!" he quickly placed both of his hands over his erection in order to hide it.

"You're hard." was Iwaizumi's simple statement as he continued to stare at said spot, even now that it was hidden behind Oikawa's hands.

"Iwa-chan! How tactless of you! It's just a normal morning wood, I'm a healthy high-school boy, so it can't be helped!" his face was beet red as he spoke.

Iwaizumi nodded, "Yeah, you're right. It can't be helped."

Feeling more relaxed and less embarrassed now, Oikawa uncovered his hardness. He pushed his hair backwards with one of his hand and pulled his cover aside with the other.

"Alright Iwa-cha, I'm going to the bathroom so-" Oikawa felt something touching his crotch.

"!?"

And that very _something_ was Iwaizumi's hand, cupping his erection.

"I-Iwa-chan! What-"

"_What _you ask, I'm just giving you a hand."

As he said that, Iwaizumi started to stroke while applying more strength.

"Wa-wait Iwa-chan! There's no need! What are you doing!?"
Gyaaa!"

"Oh, shut up, Trashykawa. _Be quiet_."

He pulled Oikawa's pants down, pajamas-pants and underwear, all in one yank.

Oikawa could only cover his face in shame and utter confusion, as he let Iwaizumi do whatever he wanted. But then he lowered his hands, thinking that if _this_ was really going to happen, he couldn't miss

even a second of Iwa-chan's performance.

As soon as Oikawa's pants went down, Iwaizumi stared at Oikawa's fully erected dick. His lips turned a bit upward in the corner as his eyebrows furrowed a bit.

"Big."

Iwaizumi was surprised at seeing now Oikawa's cock twitched at his comment.

He placed both of his hand around his friend's erection and started to stroke.

The quiet room was filled with Oikawa's moans and lewd wet sounds.

Oikawa was quite proud of his high endurance, but right now he felt like he was about to burst at any time.

"Iwa-chan, stop. I'm about to cum so...let go."

His words came out ragged as he half-ordered half-begged his friend to let go.

But instead of stopping, Iwaizumi stoked harder and faster.

Oikawa's whole body shook under pleasure. He unconsciously moved his hips, pushing against Iwaizumi's hands.

"Iwa-chan, cumming! Let go- Iwa-chan Iwa-chan!"

Oikawa felt and knew that he was at his very limit, that even though he told Iwaizumi to let go, he had no confidence he himself was able to stop now. His hands gripped his sheets with all his strength, enough to turn his knuckles white.

Iwaizumi lowered his head until his face was inches away from Oikawa's thing.

Oikawa watched speechlessly as the usually mean yet kind Iwaizumi smirked, with his lips almost touching his cock.

Iwaizumi placed a quick kiss on the tip of Oikawa's dick, that was leaking with pre-cum.

"Come, Oikawa."

"!"

Oikawa jumped awake. His body shaking, his breathing uneven and his face beet red as he was soaked in sweat.

"A dream?"

His words barely a whisper, his voice so soft, confused and disappointed.

Then he lifted his sheets, confirming the reason of the wet and disgusting sensation he felt between his legs.

"Damn in!"

He slammed both of his fists on the bed, with a mixed felling of anger, shame and guilt.

"â€¦ Iwa-chanâ€¦"

The stain on his pants the only thing left of his wishful dream.

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><p>Thank you very much for reading.
Whether positive or negative,
please do review.

>There will be a sequel, so please do look forward to it!

>Ciao Ciao~ \(\hat{A}'_{i_2} \in \mathbb{C}^{3/4}_{i_2}\) <p>

End
file.